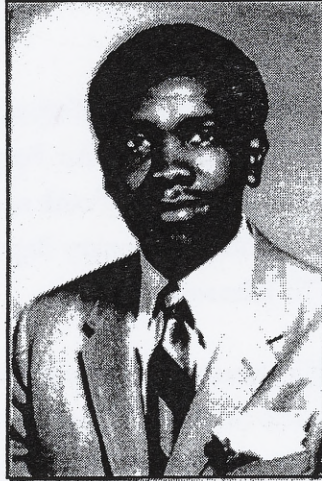


REMEMBERING THE LIFE
OF



FRANK COLE

February 1, 1953

December 22, 2006

SERVICE

Thursday, December 28, 2006

11:00 A.M.

Friendship Missionary Baptist Church

1905 Florida Street

Vallejo, California

Rev. Joseph K. Flowers, Pastor

Officiating

Ma 139:7

Obituary of Frank Cole

Frank Cole was born February 1, 1953 in Fairfield California on Travis Air Force Base to John and Johnnie Cole.

Frank was raised in Vallejo in the Floyd Terrace neighborhood. His father was career military in the United States Air Force which included having the family live in Guam for two years. Frank accepted Christ at an early age and was baptized at Saint John Missionary Baptist Church in Vallejo under the pastorate of Rev. JL Johnson.

Frank attended Elsa Widenmann Elementary and Vallejo Jr. High School. He graduated from Vallejo Sr. High School in 1971 where he lettered in varsity football. Frank also attended Sonoma State University for two years where he majored in Political Science. He moved to San Francisco 10 years ago. Frank was employed in a variety of professions, most recently as a landscaper and garden designer. Frank's passion was sports, especially football. He was an avid San Francisco 49er football fan and loved working on computers and writing prose. He had a life-long enjoyment of learning, and loved spending time with his family.

Frank is survived by his mother, Johnnie Edna Cole; his sister, Dr. Norma Cole Ayers; his niece, Nichele Ayers; his uncles, Richard and Donnie Scruggs; his aunt, Minister Patt Boone; and a host of cousins and other family members.

God's finger touched him, and he slept.

Tennyson— In Memoriam

PROGRAM

Prelude	Brian Fullard
Scriptures	Pulpit Staff
Old Testament-Psalm 46: 1-3	
New Testament-John 16:33	
Prayer	Pastor Flowers
"Blessed Assurance"	Sanctuary Choir
Acknowledgments	Wilma Brown
Obituary	Dolores Murray
"Amazing Grace"	Sanctuary Choir
Expressions	
Solo	Brian Fullard
Eulogy	Pastor Flowers
Repast	Fellowship Hall

"If Tomorrow Never Comes"

If I knew it would be the last time that I'd see you fall asleep, I would tuck you in more tightly, and pray the Lord your soul to keep.

If I knew it would be the last time that I'd see you walk out the door, I would give you a hug and a kiss, and call you back for just one more hug.

If I knew it would be the last time that I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise, I would tape each word and action, and play them back throughout my days.

If I knew it would be the last time, I would spare an extra minute or two to stop and say, "I love you," instead of assuming you know I do.

So just in case tomorrow never comes, and today is all I get, I'd like to say how much I love you, and that I hope we will never forget that tomorrow is not promised to anyone, young or old alike, and that today may be the last chance you get to hold your loved one tight.

So if you're waiting for tomorrow, why not do it today? For if tomorrow never comes, you'll surely regret the day that you didn't take the extra time for a smile, a hug or a kiss. For if tomorrow never comes you'll regret that you were too busy to grant someone a request or wish that went unfulfilled because it turned out that today was their last wish in life. So hold your loved ones close today, and whisper in their ear, tell them you love them very much and you'll always hold them dear. Take time to say, "I'm sorry," "Please forgive me," "Thank you," or "it's OK." And if tomorrow never comes, you have no regrets about today.

By Norma Cornett Marek

Acknowledgments

Our family would like to thank you, our friends and Church family, for all your expressions of love and sympathy that you have shown us during this time. We are profoundly humbled and grateful for the kindness you have shown us by your cards, flowers, prayers and often just your very presence. May God continue to richly bless you.